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L E G S., Ingram, Texas

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LEG FORUM

STEPPING FORWARD

Dear LEG SHOW.

I'll never forget the first time I slipped into a pair of high heels. I had never had any interest in them before, and had always wondered why so many women wore them. A friend and I went out to a nightclub in a local hotel in town. We were both attractive, but I am sure that I am more attractive than my friend. We were both sitting at the bar in our mini skirts, but she was getting all the attention. I couldn't understand why so I tried to get the guys to notice me. I started making eyes at the men as they walked up, but they still always went to her and she wasn't really even trying. Finally I asked her what I was doing wrong.

She said that she wished she had legs like mine and that I just needed to learn how to present them. She suggested that I try a pair of her high heels and see what happened. We left for her apartment and she picked out a pair of 4½ inch black heels that were the slide type.

When we got back to the bar she reached in her purse and gave me an ankle bracelet to wear with them. When we sat down, all the men were looking at my legs now. The shoes made me feel sexy, and this time I was getting all the attention and I was amazed at the difference. Men that had walked right by me before now stopped in their tracks when they saw me.

Then my friend said it was time to learn how to get even more from my new shoes. She told me to watch

what she did and then for me to do the same. She pointed one of her shoes, or let it dangle, and the guys were right back to looking at her. I watched all her little games and then I did the same. Well, let me just say that I could have had any man in that place after I followed her.

Now I always wear high heels and I don't even own any flats. I am so glad that she showed me how high heels can make so much of a difference. Now when I go to a nightclub I never overlooked and I always enjoy myself. My high heels give me so much more confidence in myself and I can get any man that I want.

Brinda Collins

CASTING CALL

Dear Diane:

Thanks for a great magazine. Foot and leg lovers have to love it!

In a recent letter from a Ms. M.S., he expressed his interest in females with casted legs and feet. I too find an attractive leg or foot extremely attractive when it is encased in a cast. Seven months back I met a young lady who lives in my apartment complex who he had recently had a fall and broken her leg. She was in a cast that extended from her toes to her hip. I immediately was turned on to her. I immediately was turned on, and asked her out the next time I saw her. She accepted.

We returned to her apartment after dinner and a show and had a drink on her sofa. She propped her casted leg up in my lap. I had been

hard all night, but now I could barely control myself. After I massaged her toes for several minutes she asked me if I was turned on by her cast. I was embarrassed and denied it, but she called me a liar and said that she had seen me looking at her toes all evening. When I finally admitted that I was turned on by her cast she asked me if I would mind sucking her swollen toes. She said that she had wanted someone to suck them ever since she had gotten her cast.

I immediately responded by gently lifting her casted foot to my mouth and devouring each of her swollen digits. The wonderful smell of her casted foot caused me to almost cum in my pants.

Needless to say, we had a wonderful evening of sex. She kept her cast after her leg healed and now models it for me. I adore eating her and sucking every inch of her legs and foot while she teases me with her casted legs.

Recently, she told me she would like to "fake" a broken leg so that she could wear a cast for several weeks. We need suggestions on what medical supplies to buy for a cast and any application suggestions. Hopefully, M. S. or someone can help.

P.S. We both loved the pictures of Tammy in the cast.

C. D.

PAST PERFECT

Dear Diane:

My first sexual stocking ex-

perience happened when I was 18 years old. I was visiting my grandparents' home in Canton, Ohio. There were a few petting experiences that I had with girls my own age in the past, where the girls would let me stroke their legs to the tops of their stockings, but that was about it.

That summer in Canton, my mother's friend, Irene, was always coming to the house when we were there. She was 38 years old, with long red hair and very attractive to me. The major attraction was her stockings and heels. Irene always wore spiky sandals with reinforced heel and toe nylons. They were always black or taupe. I had to lay on my stomach when she was there, so I could look at her legs and at the same time hide my erection. She used to catch me all the time looking at her feet and legs and I got the im-

pression that she liked it because she would sometimes smooth out her nylons all the way to the garter when we were in the room alone.

The year was 1967. Irene drove a 1956 Chevrolet Bel Air. It was maroon and had a stick shift. God I loved that car. Having just gotten a driver's license, Irene offered me an opportunity to drive her car. My mother didn't want me to drive it but Irene was insistent.

There was a large park not far from the house which everyone thought would be the best place to drive. During the ride from the

house, Irene kept letting her dress ride up to the tops of her black nylons so she shifted gears, and I couldn't take my eyes off her legs. As we entered the park, there was a small dirt road off the main road. I really got excited when she stopped about 40 yards in. She slid her legs around toward me and said "You like my legs don't you? Would you like to touch them?"

My face must have dropped a foot and I told her yes. I started to stroke her legs and calves. She told me to rub higher, up to her thighs, and as I did she placed her foot in the crotch of my shorts. As soon as I felt her foot I came in my pants. I was so embarrassed. She immediately leaned over and kissed me, placing her tongue in my mouth. She asked me to touch her between her legs, but I was hesitant, so she took my



pression that she liked it because she would sometimes smooth out her nylons all the way to the garter when we were in the room alone.

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There was a large park not far from the house which everyone thought would be the best place to drive. During the ride from the

hand and placed it on her crotch. We continued to kiss and she started to moan. I thought the whole world was going to hear us. Irene told me to take off her panties—it was the first time I had ever seen a real vagina. Irene pushed my head down between her legs and told me to kiss her. She was so wet and she kept pushing my head so hard that I could hardly breathe. She started to scream "Put your tongue inside me!" As I did I could feel a flood of her juices all over my face and she was bucking up and down. Then she tensed and relaxed.

I never did see Irene after that summer. She moved to Michigan and used to write my mother and asked how we all were, especially me.

That night had changed me.

It's Time Has Come

I said I wasn't going to do it. I said I shouldn't. I said I need to stay out of this sort of stuff, but you know me, men, I can't leave my causes alone. It's summer as I write this, even though you're buying it in October or November. Big in the news right now is the arrest of Pee-wee Herman for (gasp!) playing with himself in a Florida porno theater. The nation is shocked, appalled, and angry. They pushed the Moscow summit and Jeffrey Dahmer, Milwaukee's serial killer, off the front page. The man's career is over—no one even questions the appropriateness of the move—and psychiatrists are offering advice on how to explain Pee-wee's crime to your children.

ugh. Do you know how many serious, ghoulish, murderous crimes were committed that same day, that the American public accepted without a twich? Do we really pretend that we're horrified because Pee-wee broke a law? Let's fess up, isn't all the fuss about 1) our pantomimic terror about sexuality, 2) our national hysteria about pornography, 3) our deeply felt concern that masturbation is a sin? Oh, I'm sorry, I'm forgetting the Pee-wee was a participant of a children's show and therefore is to be allowed to be an adult man with adult male desires. And masturbation is so abnormal, so unusual, how can we ever make our children understand that one of these TV stars was guilty of such a thing? What hypocritical shit. Okay, I hear the argument that a guy with star status ought to be more discrete about where he pulls his meat, but you can't get much more private than a porn theater. I mean, no children are allowed and when the movie's torn clearly descended on the outside then, a little chance an innocent will wander in and be mortified by the terrible sight of human preoccupation. I suppose the bigots can argue that they're concerned about safe sex practices, but then I'd like to make sure there was no dangerous, disease-spreading sex taking place in there. One look would have confirmed that was not the case. In it was just a few masturbators making the most of their bodies' pleasure systems. But hey, any cop will tell you it's a lot safer to bust guys for jerking off than it is to bust guys for selling crack. Not many masturbators will pull a gun and blow the arresting officer's head off.

Of course, with what's been going on in Florida law enforcement recently it's surprising they didn't go in and blow all the masturbators heads off. A married couple were arrested shortly before the Pee-wee arrest for having sex in their own home. Theirs was not making sure the drapes were entirely closed. Through a small gap in the drapes (which were, in fact, closed) a peeping neighbor turned his voyeuristic video over to the police, claiming that if he could see enough to get such a hot video, his children might have been able to peek in and see the action. Now wouldn't you think it would be the guy who made the



video who'd go to jail? Not in Florida. The married couple was arrested and the peeper was commended for his civic vigilance!

But back to masturbation. It occurred to me after Pee-wee's arrest that there is a reason guys don't stay home with whores off. Many masturbators live with people who don't understand the harmless activity, making "homework" noisy. Others are openly exhibitionistic and like jerking off in the company of other masturbators. The gay community answers this need with jerk off clubs. Why not the straight community?

I picture a Masturbatorium, a safe, clean, sensual atmosphere where men would be welcome to whack off without fear of arrest or disease. Masturbation would be the sole intent of these places so men could get their needs met. Masturbation, his masturbation needs would be fully met. Tissues, lotion, comfortable masturbation couches and, of course, entertainment would be provided. Leggy hostesses in masturbation inspiring attire, would circulate among the clientele, urging them to squirt a one in rough or genti terms. Since no actual sex, not even fingling, would take place, masturbation hostesses would literally be in better quality than the high volume prostitutes found in most sex entertainment parlors. And because these hostesses have a power over their clients prostitutes don't have these clients. The reason to believe they'd become as addicted to jerking men into jerking off as our LEG SHOW models.

Think of it, men. You pay a reasonable cover price and enter into a world of pure sensual pleasure. While you're teased in ways you've only fant-sized about you indulge freely in your favorite sexual release. When you're finished you've broken no marriage vows, committed no crime, exposed yourself to no disease, and yet experienced complete sexual satisfaction. If we were true to the Constitution, if church and state were really separate entities, this could be a reality. You and I know the truth, but what a fantasy. One which Pee-wee may well ponder in exile.

—Dan



Ingram, Texas

I'd like to share with your readers an encounter of the most pleasurable kind. This occurred while I was a real estate agent in Beverly Hills. Everyone always thinks of Beverly Hills as a celebrity haven and an exciting happening place. The truth is, for most of us, it's a day to day routine town with little excitement. This day, however, was to prove very different.

"The phone rang at 9:30 A.M., the voice on the other end was asking about a listing I had up in the hills, which mentions a photographer's studio. He said he'd like to see it today. He asked if we could take his van, as he had valuable photographic equipment in it and didn't want to risk a theft."

"He had explained to me during the interview that he was a freelance photographer who specialized in glamour and boudoir photography. A lot of his props and garments were in the back of the van. One reason he was in Beverly Hills was to shoot a segment for a leg and foot lover. While here, he wanted to look for an appropriate home where he could do his photography in private."

"As he drove and we talked, he began to set me at ease and I shyly admitted to him my secret fantasy had always been to be a model, but as they say in soaps, 'ala' I was too short.' 'Oh no,' he interrupted. 'You're not too short, in fact shorter women make better foot and leg models. Their feet are smaller and daintier and their legs are



... really more shapely, less likely to be skinny.' 'Oh,' I said, surprised. 'I didn't ever thought of leg and foot models, just modeling in general.'

"Well," he said, "think about this. How about you putting on some of the clothes and shoes I have in brick and posing for me in this house we are going to see? It will do two things: First, it will give me photos of the house for reference as I shop, and second, it will meet my need to find a model for my shoot. And... by the way... you have great legs!" He smiled.

"By then we had arrived at the house. He rummaged around in the van, pulling out a blouse and skirt. He looked at my feet a second and said, 'Size 6?' 'Yes,' I said, 'exactly!' I thought so," he said. 'Know feet!'

"I dressed and we toured the coffee house, him posing and directing me. I had the time of my life... I was really turned on, not only having any fantasy fulfilled, but the shoot was a 'Trade-A-Body' request and I found that very arousing, not to mention the fact that this photographer was so incredibly good looking and sexy."





"I left the 'model' clothes on so we could hurry back to town. It had been a great day and he liked the house very much. He suggested that I come up to his hotel room and change back to my busin ass attire, then we could have dinner and discuss the sale. While waiting for me to change, he ordered up a bottle of wine and we toasted my new career. Then he kissed me, lightly at first, then a little harder. Soon we were in a fantastic, wet, tongue-licking kiss. One thing led to another, but that's another story. We ordered room service at 10:00. What a day!! I just had to send you the photos so everyone could enjoy it along with me!"



ELMER BATTERS

On The Lam

POT
ON SALE
HERE

1960
1960
1960

CAPTAIN
THIS
HOT
DEMO

Few of you realize what life was like for a big art photographer in the fifties and sixties. I was arrested numerous times for photographing what was considered then perversion—showing stockings and garter belts. By the late sixties I'd had enough of going to jail and when I heard that a woman had once again been named for my arrest I ran off to San Francisco and hid out in the Haight-Ashbury district.

Now I am already a middle aged man and no hippie, but it was a good place to disappear for awhile and I did my best to blend in. I just couldn't stand not working, though, and so I began to photograph little girls and children willing to do it for a few dollars.

"They were more Wild Flowers than anything else, but some of the girls have lived on in my memory. These are some of the better ones from my life on the run. Having no studio I made do, driving them out in the country, to the Central Valley and just finding secluded spots in Golden Gate Park. At last I missed my wife and home too much and turned myself in, but it was interesting while it lasted."

—Elmer Batters





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Dear LEG SHOW:

For all the horny readers, pictures of the best legs in Cincinnati. As a travel agent, these have been shown from Boston to California. Contact us through the personals for exchange and meetings.

Ed and Hope

5

6

Dear Goddess Diana:

We would like to correspond and photo exchange with female dominant couples who believe in female supremacy and foot worship as part of lifestyle. Lori would love to have from bi and gay women to look more than her beautiful feet. Sincere only, no pm.

Michael Spread and Lori
Box 70980
18901 Rosbury Rd
Hagerstown, Md. 21740

7

7 8 9

8



Dear LEG SHOW:

My wife and I both are long time fans of LEG SHOW. As you can see from the photos, her legs, along with her booties, are a big turn on. Any comments from readers would be appreciated and would turn her on.

M & J
Chicago, IL

10 11 12



14



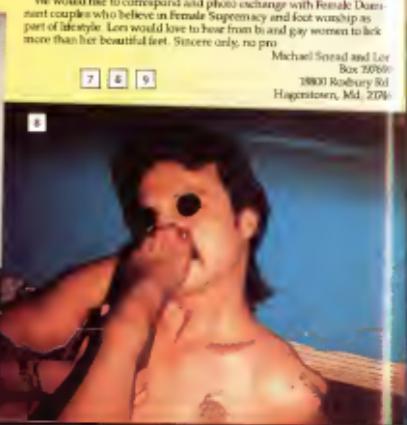
Dear Diana:

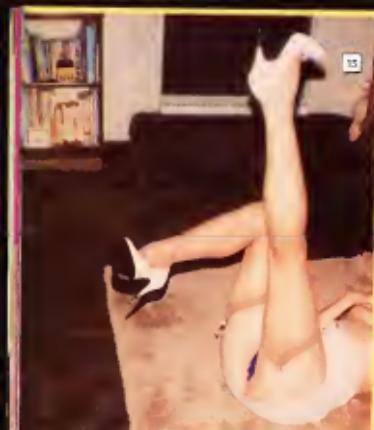
My boyfriend and I love reading LEG SHOW. We both enjoy masturbating while fantasizing about some of the girls in your magazine. We would like to take this further by extending an invitation to female or couples interested in female/female leg love. Please write with pix. All answered.

11 12

Kelly and Mark
PO Box 616
Malaga, NJ 08338

LEG SHOW 21





Dear LEG SHOW,

We're sending these facette leg pics to you, hoping you'll print some or all of them. We'd like our fellow readers to enjoy them as we have enjoyed some of them.

16 17 18

Jim and Jackie California



17



20



21



22 LEG SHOW



18 19



19



21



22

Dear Diana,
Here are a few more photos for LEG SHOW.
C.H.

20

21

Dear LEG SHOW,

Here's yet more pix of my feet and forearm steady subjects. I've also pix available of others. Let's trade!

Beth II
Box 139
Kew Gardens, NY 11415

ALLISON

BEG



Don't look breath-taking in my tight, shiny silver party-rose! I love how they hug my calves, thighs and ass. There's a little Spandex in them so they're extra tight and I simply love to be held tight. By my lingerie, that is! I seldom find a man who's up to the task. It's a shame there aren't more truly masculine men around. A woman craves a strong man, yet when the woman is as strong as I am, as demanding as I am, there are very few men who can master me. Actually I've never met one, which is why I've never given up my lust to anyone. Odd isn't it, a woman as seductively beautiful as I am a virgin at twenty-three? And yet, who could expect me to

give up something as precious as my lust, the body portal to my entire being, to some inferior creature?

"I do like to have fun with you men, though. Even if you're not good enough to master me I love having you pay tribute to me with your cocks. I wouldn't dress like this if I didn't want you to get hard-ons. An erect penis may be threatening to a lesser woman, but to me, they are the ultimate playthings. I often invite men over for lingerie shows. I provide the lingerie, which is my passion, and he provides the laid-on-car has part of the show. In my part, I put on an outfit like you see here, tight shiny party-rose, an equally tight body suit and model my hem, athletic but-



feminine body from all angles. I strip up on my toes so that my lucid pop fist of my pumps to give seductive peaks of my feet. My audience has an aching hard-on in no time and I demand that he take it out, just like I demand right now that you take yours out. Then I lie back and spread my legs wide, pulling the fabric in the crotch of my party-rose oh so thin and taut. I had my pumps come close, having no fear hell disobey, and make him stare at my cunt lips, parted so neatly, so pink and wet, under the veil of nylon. Then I bring my feet together, cupped in my lovely apule haughty pumps, around his neck. How I love to see the uncertainty in his face as my lethally sharp heels press at his adam's apple. "Now masturbate," I tell him, as I tell you now, and as I

tighten my high heel grip on his neck he stares transfixed at my sweet pink nylon-encrusted cunt and yanks off his queasy cock.

"I've allowed a few select ones to actually cum on my party-rose outfit, but that's them all, because I am always you're more fortunate than them all, because I am demanding that you cum on my feet here in the photos, something none of them has ever been allowed. That's to make up for you not being able to feel my heels on your throat.

"So you see, I'm not really cruel, just strong and deserving of a man just as strong. And if I never find a man good enough for me, know that you little pick-off, have pleased me. It's nothing, to sneeze at."



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JENNIFER & MARLA: *Your Wife's Friends*



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"First of all, she wants you to know how the three of us giggle about your silly little fancies. She says she has so much fun toying with your masturbating guilt. Of course, she knows what to do if she encourages you to do it by herself, holding you and other things. You don't know about the sleep training, did you? She has particular fun with that one. Sometimes, she tells us, she even gets dressed up to do it, putting on long black stockings like those and sexy high pumps and the garter belt she would never wear for you. Then she strokes your cock with a nylon while she holds her soiled panties to your nose. 'Masturbate, you must jerk off for me,' she whispers in your ear. She knows how to do it 'till you're put on the verge of cumming, until you're moaning and begging for release in your sleep, and then she stops. And you wonder why you wake up with such a raging desire to jerk off! She even whispers to you about us in your sleep training. And you thought you came up with that fantasy about her and other women all on your own.

"Yes, we know your wife, though the woman we know is a little different from the one you know. The one we know wears stockings and garters and has a garter belt in a crutchless posture. She wears and can live in inch glossy black patent heels and she eats cum with a skill and gusto you could only dream of possessing. We met your wife when she answered our personal ad, the one asking for Board House wife Sex Slave! She told us how she'd turned you into a masturbation machine for her own perverse amusement and wanted to stow for her son at the feet of dominant women or other partners she could truly respect.

"We've had so much fun with her. Sometimes we make her lick our shoes clean after a long walk on city streets. Sometimes we take turns fucking her ass with a big black dildo, one that's twice as long and twice as thick as your cock. And she tells you yours is too big to take back there! We even display your wife in public, making her wear shorts and a t-shirt with a stretch blouse. She's pulled her shorts up to show her panties just to look at strange men in your town, under our direction. You must have seen some of them giving you strange looks when you were out with her. We know you'll notice from now on.

"All in all, we've had a wonderful time with your wife and we plan to keep using her just as long as it pleases us. Oh, and about your fantasy of you, your wife and another woman. Forget it, we'd never degrade her that much!"









Nothing gets me horny like shopping, especially with your credit cards. Having you be so generous to me, buying me lingerie and stockings at the most expensive boutiques, makes me want to show my gratitude. A little.

"I love the way you look at my feet, especially that longing look when I finally let you see what stockings I have on. That's right, the sunfaded ones. The ones that make you act like a fool. Don't worry, that's our secret. I only tell my girlfriends, so go ahead, now I'll let you touch yourself through your pants. It sure looks like you need it. And you've done everything right today... but I still don't know if I'm in the mood. I'm not completely aroused. Should I stop you? No, I'll just carry on my a**. Yes, I know it's fine, thank you. Maybe I should wave it back and forth in front of your face. Get a good eyeful while I slowly lower my panties. They look great on me, don't they?"

"You know what happens when my panties come all the way off? I'll let you take out your cock. And maybe, if it stands at attention like a good soldier for a long time, I might take off my shoes and have my feet inspect the troops. I could sit on the couch and you stand before me, and my dark nylon hose could rub smoothly on your balls and creep up and down your shaft. All that could happen. And once your tool has shown its absolute loyalty to me, I could bend over and allow you into my precious snatch. You'd like that, wouldn't you?"



"But I think I might just put my dress on and leave you to pick off. It's up to me. You wouldn't want that, would you? So let's go slow and do everything I like to do. Don't forget, my favorite thing is to hear how hot I make you. And don't use words—keep groaning like that. I'm starting to get wet. These shoes I bought with your credit card today, aren't they worth every penny? I know you just signed the receipt without looking at them, and that makes me rather annoyed. After all, they're imported from Italy and cost more than your whole wardrobe. Oh, that look of anxiety crossing your face has done the trick. You're turning me on."

"Now I want to take my panties off, but where can I hang them? On your face, maybe? I'll just leave them like this. Do you want to sniff my pussy, or would you rather lick my soles through my stockings? Don't answer right away. We're not in a rush. Why don't you just masturbate while I figure out where you're taking me for dinner?"





(continued from page 7)

I couldn't resist the opening. "I'd be willing to try, if you would give me the chance, Karina. I'll be alone, so you could come by whenever it's convenient for you," I said, offering her my business card. "In fact, I'll give you the fine pedicure free, and if it meets your expectations then we can continue."

Around two that afternoon, my phone rang in the office. "Hello, honey, this is Karina. I'll take my pedicure this evening. It'll be over at seven. Have a bottle of champagne chilled." Click. Did I have a choice?

"Greetings," she said, promptly at seven. "I must tell you, I've been looking forward to this all day. My girlfriends at work are jealous that I have my own personal pedicurist—and a male, at that. Let's not dally—it's time for you to get busy."

I started to say something, but she interrupted. "Rule number one," she said. "Speak only when spoken to—and you will address me as Mistress Karina. Do you understand?"

"Yes, Mistress Karina," I replied.

She confidently strode up the stairs in her tight blue jeans, see through silk blouse she mentioned to show mega-cleavage and sky high stiletto heel, open-toed heels—a far cry from the prim and proper business suit she had on for work. "Draw me a small bubble bath, get me a glass of champagne, and remove my shoes," she demanded. I did as I was told, handing her a full, chilled glass and knelt before her to expertly slide the shoes from her feet. "Kiss each," she bellowed, and I pressed my lips to her soles. She looked down approvingly. When the water was about six inches high, she said, "Enough. Now take off your clothes."

I trembled my clothing as she stepped over to the dresser, removed a pumice stone from her purse, and stepped into the bathtub. "Get in and give me twenty minutes with the pumice stone. I want my feet

kissably soft. So will you?" She took a long, slow sip of champagne and swirled her right foot in the suds and water.

I climbed into the tub, eyes down, and started to work feverishly on her smallish feet, which happened to have impossibly high arches. "Pay particular attention to the heels."

First on the heel, then the ball of her foot, around the toes, the outside of her insteps and finally all over the soles. I scrubbed each foot for ten solid minutes, removing all rough skin. "An adequate job—now get out and dry my feet."

This done, I watched as she walked to the couch in the living room. "More champagne?"

She refilled her glass and returned to her. She opened her purse and pulled out a bottle of nail polish remover and some moisturizer. "Kneel and take off the polish," she ordered. "Then massage each foot for at least half an hour with the lotion. Be sure to warm it in your hands. Finally, though, bring the phone over here."

I manipulated her feet for the next hour and a half, as she called all of her friends (including some long distance) and described in minute detail to them the services that I was performing for her. Occasionally, she would lightly prod my slick with one foot as I massaged the other, or run her foot over the outline of my body and into my hair. "Kiss each foot as you massage them," she would command me. I did as I was told. "Footboy—moes tongue around the arch," she would cascade during conversations with her friends. "Yes, I've got him for the whole summer. I might allow him to pedicure your feet next week," she told each of them. "What?" Of course, he's naked," she would say just before she hung up, laughing.

Next, I clipped and filed her nails as she watched me intently, ever mindful that I might slip and injure her precious pedis, incurring her wrath. This done, I pushed her cuticles back as far as they would go, completing the preliminary phases of her pedicure.

"Refill my glass—it's time for you to polish my toes. Twice, of course!" She had selected the same where red polish that she had made me remove. I lovingly polished each toe—twice. "You should be re-

warded for your hard work," she said. With that, she dipped her freshly painted big toe into the near empty wine glass and then pressed it to my lips, punctuating her gesture with a throaty laugh. I licked her toe dry without hesitation. This went on for several minutes, as she poured the champagne over different parts of her foot to be obediently lapped off by my eager tongue.

"On second thought, you're not done yet—I want a softer look. Get me some more champagne, then change my toenail color to this pink shade," she pursed as she handed me a new color. I went through the whole laborious process again—twice.

"You know," she mused, "this set up has a lot of potential. I could rent you out to my friends and make a killing. With me as your business manager, there are no limits to what I could do with you. Fetch me shoes, footlong, and give them a quick shine." I gingerly polished, then placed the shiny slippers back on her feet. "Now, a quick half—I nimbly ran a chancery over the pointy toes and sleek sides of the shoe, as she royally balanced her feet in my cross as I knelt in front of her. Then she pressed the spiked heels against my chest and I lovingly rubbed the sling backs with the cloth. 'Are my feet kissably soft?' she wondered.

"Yes, Mistress," I replied.

"Prove it," she snapped as she placed one glistening shoe over each of my shoulders. I dutifully lapped at her shoes, tongued the soles clean and covered her now tender feet with kisses. Several times, she purposely caught my tongue between the exposed silly heel of her foot and her shoe. Each time, she roared laughing.

"Same time, next week—unless I decide that my feet need attention before then. You are to remain at my back and call," she said. "I'll be bringing two friends on my next visit, so don't make any plans for the evening. Those girls are even more demanding than I am, if you can believe that. Then again, we might show up on a moment's notice. Maybe one morning before work, if the mood strikes me."

I could tell it was going to be a long, glorious summer.

Sam

CORSETS By Kroll



Photos by Eric Kroll

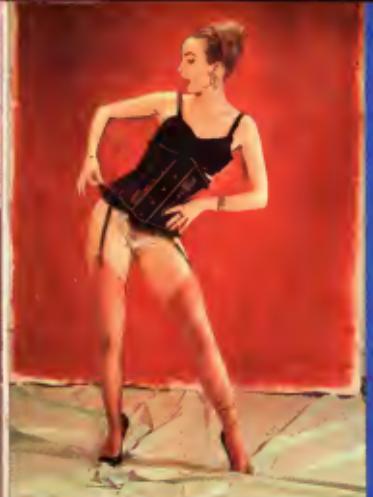


High-maintenance garments can signify dominance or submission with equal ease. The corset stands alone in this regard. As a garment of clothing as was ever invented, I'd say it ranks with the ultra high heel in controversy. The corset was conceived entirely as a sex enhancer, yet saw its greatest popularity in a time when sex was most suppressed. In the Victorian era no woman of breeding was marriageable unless she had systematically been deformed into sexual desirability through "corset training." This meant wearing ever-tightening corsets day and night, which narrowed her waist by displacing pelvic organs, crushing her ribs and separating the spinal vertebrae. Technically, yes, there was no turning back for a properly corset-trained woman. If she decided to just say "no" to loosening her laces and cut off her corset bondage, her upper body would tip over. The whaleboned, sash-



and lace tightlacing corset was a lifelong commitment by the Victorian woman to the sexual desires of the Victorian man. It's no wonder that turn-of-the-century feminists made it one of their primary targets.

And yet, for all the suffering and frumpiness the tightlacing corset entailed in its willing slaves, it often elevated them in the eyes of men. Men, so often more sexually vulnerable than the frail, at-female, saw this awesomely aspersioned female form as a powerful symbol, a Goddess to be served and worshipped. In its hindrance, the corset also validated the woman's role as servant. Physically helpless, the woman was made sexually powerful, an understanding unchained to this day.



The only person I know of making authentic Victorian tightlacing corsets today is, not surprisingly, Victorian Mistress Antoinette of Versatile Fashions out in California. Now more about dominance and submission and "the place of costume" in its rituals than most women in this world. Most of these corsets can be had from her, made to order in standard women's or large frame sizes. Squeezing our waist down three, say, five or more inches in one of these sturdy, classic corset frames is an erotic experience not soon to be forgotten. It left its mark.



on all our models, who despite the discomfort, couldn't leave the session without each ordering one for herself.

Write to Mistress Antoinette for more details.

The address for Versatile Fashions is P.O. Box 1051, Tustin, Ca. 92681, and please send \$5.00 for the catalog.

If you would like to buy beautiful custom photos of caged women, write Eric Knill, Box 464, Grand Central Station, New York, N.Y. 10017.



MARTINA

A LITTLE
ROMANCE.



When it comes to sex I'll take mine with a little romance. I just love romances, the books you know. I started in with them when I was a teenager, before I 'blossomed' and started getting dates. Those books provided all the passion I could have wanted, and I still prefer them to much of what I've discovered in real life. Seriously, men are so timid in dating. Maybe they're afraid of getting hit with a date rape charge or something, but they sure don't come on like the men in my books.

The books I like best are the ones called "bedazzle yourself" and that's what I'd like to happen to me. I'm very feminine, like the heroines in the books. I wear sexy delicate lingerie and perfume at the backs of my knees. I'm looking precariously on four-inch spike heels and have what I think is a very vulnerable way about me so why doesn't some bad, seedy, down-and-dirty guy just swoop down and seduce me? Oh, how my pussy quivers when I think of strong arms lifting me and throwing me over a brazen, shoulder. I'll kick and pound your back with my little fists, but I just know I'll never get away and you'll carry me off to your bedchamber, or a dark deserted warehouse or even a city rooftop. There I'll pant with terror and lust as you tear my flimsy bodice asunder and feast hungrily on my heaving breasts. I'll brush my legs, so beautifully clad in black silk stockings, held up by delicate garter straps. My wobbling spike heels might fly off in the struggle and I'll point my toes, polished a deep red, as you push my legs apart and slice my gossamer panties with a single stroke of your hunting knife.



On the night My mind
was womanly portal is led home.
Crimson lips swollen and
swarted, the dew of my lust
blatantly wetting them. You pass
my thighs down over your strong
hands, lewdly spreading them so
wide the tendons stand out in my
yearning jeans. Then you're on
top of me, impaling me on your
cock, squeezing me deeply,
completely filling me until I think
I shall split in two. My silly thighs
roll over your flexing buttocks,
my little stockinged feet beating at
them, protesting or driving you
creeps into me. I don't know any
more, 'tis driving you into me,
because I want you to take me,
fuck me, you can use me!

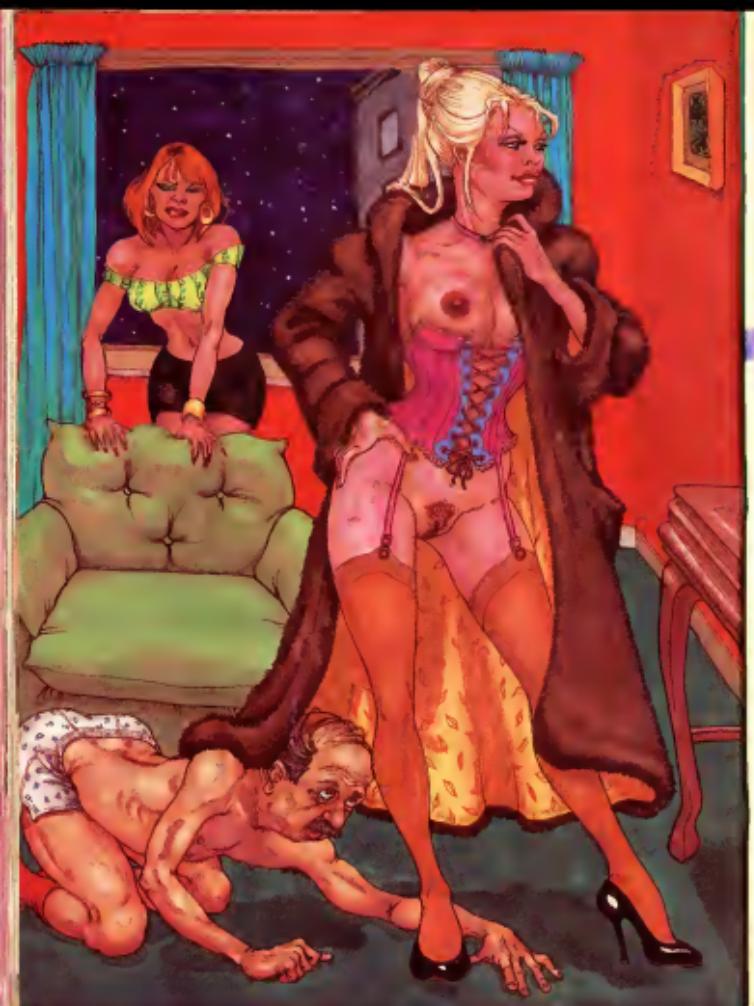
"Why can't any of them ever do
that? Why do they insist on taking
me to fancy restaurants and
stupid nightclubs? Can't you see
that I want to be ravished? I don't
want your money, I want my
clothes ripped off and a hard cock
pounding my cuse to a puddle
while my legs wave helplessly in
the air."

"Like I said, a little romance."





LEG
SHOW



PAWN TICKET

*Bitch wife
or cruel mistress
—which could be better?*

By Pat Tunney

My wife, Hillary, was still an attractive woman at forty-seven. We had been married for some twenty years and I still wanted her. I always felt lucky to have such a gorgeous wife, even though I've had to work long and hard to provide for her. No matter what I made over the years, Hillary was always there to spend it. She loved to shop and had stacks of expensive clothes and shoes. But I never saw her happy, so I never complained. I doubt if it would have done much good.

Pat Harvey just a plain guy, probably a little on the boring side, if you know what I mean. I'm serious at work and have never had an office fling or an affair. Hillary and my daughter, Pamela, have been all I've worked for over the years.

From our first years of marriage Hillary had made it very clear that working and making money was not my job but that running the house and our sex life were strictly under her domain. I went along with this, thrilled to have married such a

strong, stimulating, beautiful woman. When we were married I was just beginning my business career. We lived well on an inheritance from my grandfather. This allowed me, in those early years, to buy Hillary the things she wanted.

In a way, I bought sex from her. She would be mine with her gorgeous body, always extracting a promise from me, never extracting a promise from her. The young guy I had given her a taste for was related to the president and I never really had chance. This did not depress her.

Our daughter had just left for college and Hillary insisted that I move into her dream. "Honey," I pleaded, "you don't mean that."

"I mean it, Harvey," she'd told me harshly, "and don't expect much else from me, either."

This was a stunning shock. But she gave me no choice but to go along. The following day the boys, knowing our daughter's things, were reacquainting the bedroom.

From that night on, I had only occasional sex with Hillary. But sometimes, if

One night I asked her, after dinner, if we couldn't retire early and have sex. I reminded her of how long she had been and how much I needed her.

Hillary turned to me and smiled seductively. "Well, if it's been that long, Harvey, you may really need me that financially, darling."

"I do, Honey, really bad," I admitted.

"Miranda, well, Harvey," she said softly, "to get me in the mood, you could promise to buy me that nice diamond necklace I've been wanting."

She led me into the bedroom. "Honey, I tell you I could buy it right now."

She stood there and unbuttoned her blouse. Then she unstrapped her skirt and let it drop to the floor. She turned and unstrapped her bra and rubbed her breasts.

I couldn't take my eyes off of her. She wore only black panties, thigh-high stockings, and her black high heels.

I began to breathe harder and sprouted an erection. I suspected she knew the effect she was having on me from the smile on her lovely face.

"Damn, honey," I whined, "So I have to buy you all the time?"

"Of course not, Harvey," she said, licking her lips, "but you must want me pretty bad after three months."

"Jesus, baby, I do! I need you now—tonight!" I moved toward her. When I was close she pulled me to her and gave me a deep, tongue-lashing kiss.

"Buy me the necklace, lover," she moaned, thrusting her pelvis against my hand on her.

Hillary removed her panties and climbed onto the bed. I slowly spread her legs. I gently removed her stockings and tried to see her Naked. I crawled between her legs. "Will you the necklace, Hillary?" I moaned as my mouth moved onto her soft, moist cunt.

When she was properly prepared I was allowed to fuck her. But it had been so long since I had done it, and I was so hot, that I came much too soon. Hillary just smiled and pushed me away. The following afternoon I bought the elegant, expensive diamond necklace home to her.

Three years ago, I was beaten out of a big promotion when I work. It was given to a younger, less attractive, less hardworking guy. Hell! I tried to explain that the young guy was related to the president and I never really had chance. This did not depress her.

Our daughter had just left for college and Hillary insisted that I move into her dream. "Honey," I pleaded, "you don't mean that?"

"I mean it, Harvey," she'd told me harshly, "and don't expect much else from me, either."

This was a stunning shock. But she gave me no choice but to go along. The following day the boys, knowing our daughter's things, were reacquainting the bedroom.

From that night on, I had only occasional sex with Hillary. But sometimes, if

I begged enough, she would allow me in to her bedroom. I usually had to settle with eating her pussy. I enjoyed this, but I missed intercourse, too, so time went on.

"Please, Hillary," I would groan. "Let me come into bed with you. It's been so long."

"Alright."

"It's been two months, honey. Please?"

Hillary shrugged. "Alright, but don't take all night. You'll pleasure me as usual and you'd get me off before I get too sleepy."

Always I crouched when I finally crawled between her lovely legs. I would eat her pussy but always with a sense of panic. Hillary wasn't easy to get off, and once in a while she'd just push me away. Thank God, most of the time I received her properly. Those times she would wrinkle around and cum in my eager mouth. I was pleased at satisfying her. Even though I would go back to my bedroom still frustrated.

Last night Hillary took a part-time job a few afternoons and some evenings, getting rich for me. I was so happy. By the time she left her part of the house, I could spend her extra money on clothes.

One night, when she was out, I was in my bedroom having one last cigarette before going to bed. The room was dark and I walked to the window. I looked out at the wing of our apartment building opposite us.

Directly across from me I saw a young woman walk by her bedroom window.

She wore nothing but a pair of panties I have never seen a vester but I was suddenly glued to her. She was a very attractive girl, this time with a more girl-like kind and clutched onto the bed. I could still see them from the glow of the bedroom light. I watched as she began to make love together.

I was more aroused than I'd been in years and was disappointed when they finally switched off the light. Just then I heard Hillary come home. I waited a few minutes, then knocked on her bedroom door. She told me to come in.

I was so horny I begged to have sex with her. Hillary laughed and told me to leave it. She was so tired from tiring me she was tired. I went back to my bedroom and checked the window. The lights were out across the way. I got dressed, frustrated, as I had so many nights before. I had a hell of a time going to sleep thinking about the girls across the way.

Many nights after that, while Hillary was out, I watched the girls. They shared the apartment and the bed. They were gorgeous, but gay. A real pity. Still, for watching, they were terrific! Almost always, after coming home to work, the girls would be in the clothes and run out half naked. Sometimes I couldn't help but touch myself.

At the office I began to think about the girls and for the first time thought about

"My cock exploded as Vicki ordered me to suck her toes."

going out with a hooker. I had to do something. My intuition from Hillary suddenly banished me more intensely since watching my beautiful neighbor.

Twice, I met one of the girls going up in the elevator. She always spoke to me and I couldn't help staring at her. Her name was Vicki. She dressed so sexy, yet I always thought of her as plain or naked. She must have thought I was weird.

One night, when I had to work late, I came into the apartment and called to Vicki. She was on the couch in her bedroom, and didn't hear me come in. I went by the door and stopped. I didn't mean to listen but I heard her laughing as she told one of her girlfriends how stupid I was, thinking she was working all the time. I got nearer the door. She continued to tell her friend about meeting and sleeping with at least two or three men each week. And how, after she had sex with them, she would come home and tell "that stupid Harvey" to stay away from her.

I went back into the living room and peered myself a nursing drink. Damn! I didn't know she was so good at it. I just couldn't lose Hillary more, not after all these years. I sat nothing.

A few days after leaving my wife's directions, I was again riding up on the elevator with the gal across the way. We began talking about the weather and she asked me to do her a favor. If I would come to her apartment and help her move a small table, she would give me a drink.

Inside her apartment she took off her coat and hung it up. She looked at me and said, "You're a good-looking guy." I sat at the table and she walked over to where she wanted to sit across the room. She made me a drink and passed me on the couch. I almost choked when she slowly crossed her long legs. I caught a glimpse of her light blue panties.

Vicki had acallable while she calmly told me that she and her roommate, Helen, had seen me watching them sometimes from my window across the way. I almost shat God, I was embarrassed. Vicki told me that she didn't mind. But that Helen thought I was some kind of old pervert.

Vicki then looked directly at me. She smiled and told me that she had old perverts if they were sweet, kind and generous. Then she kicked off a high-heeled shoe and rubbed my leg. I swear I could barely breathe. She kept smiling as

she held the sexy, stocking foot up before my face. Softer but firmly, the gorgeous young woman ordered me to kiss her foot.

Last still, as if paralyzed. She rubbed the textured, nylon encased foot against my cheek and then to my lips. I lightly kissed her slender foot.

She was saying quietly, "Mmm, yes, Harvey. Watch me pretty, sex foot."

"Soften it, too." I was so turned on I Iucked it and when she told me to lick it, I did. I was wildly aroused, and my cock exploded as she ordered me to suck her toes.

I was told to put her shoe back on. Vicki pulled up her skirt and spread her lovely stocking legs. She told me I could worship her sweet, tender pussy for a price. I asked her how much, and I was suddenly bringing out my billfold and handing her a hundred dollars. She took it and rubbed it against her cunt. Then she held it up to my mouth and told me, "Kiss it gently."

I did as she massaged her panties. "Come, my love," she breathed. "Worship my cunt and give me pleasure."

I ate her wildly, forgetting the fact that this was my first unfidelity in my married life. Hillary was doing the same thing. I almost fainted when Vicki began coming in my mouth.

I washed up and hurried home to Hillary. I arrived just as she was leaving. That was a break. I watched her close the door, knowing that she was off to meet another man.

I went into the bedroom and turned to the window. I could see Vicki on the bed. She came to the window and stood there rubbing her cunt and gyrating her hips. Then she waved and walked away. She turned out the light as she got into bed.

The next day I knocked on Vicki's door after work. She opened it and let me in.

She wore a thin black nightgown, dark

thigh-high nylons, and shiny black high heels. I lied to my knees and begged her to let me in.

Vicki pushed me away and told me to crawl after her as she walked to the couch. She stood and told me to tick her high heels clean with any tongue. Eagerly I obeyed her. After being satisfied with my tongue cleaning, she sat on the couch. I was commanded to remove her shoes and worship her stocking foot. I gave it my best effort. They smelled delicious.

Then Vicki spread her legs. She was naked above her nylons and again I stared at her beautiful, seductive crease. I removed my stockings and undressed her a hundred dollars. She took it and rubbed it against and agitated it over her pussy lips. When she held it out, I kissed the hell goodbye as before. Then she pulled me out to service her sweet scented cunt. I licked her sweet clit for all it was worth.

Vicki began moaning as she came in my mouth. I had just finished and was still sitting

(continued on page 86)



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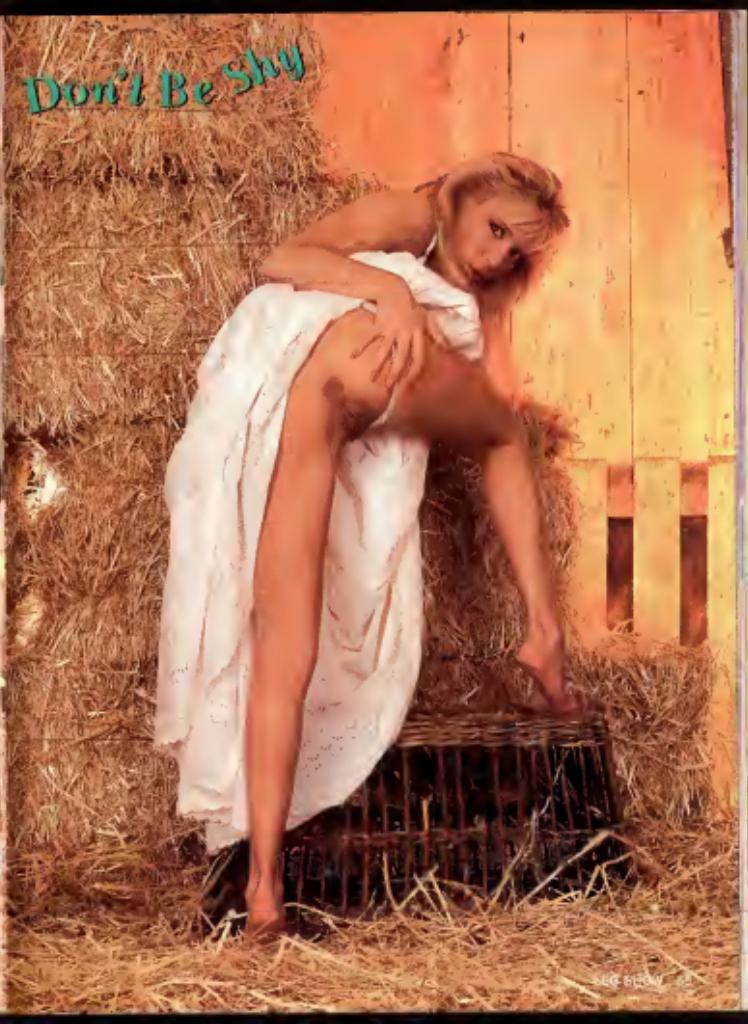
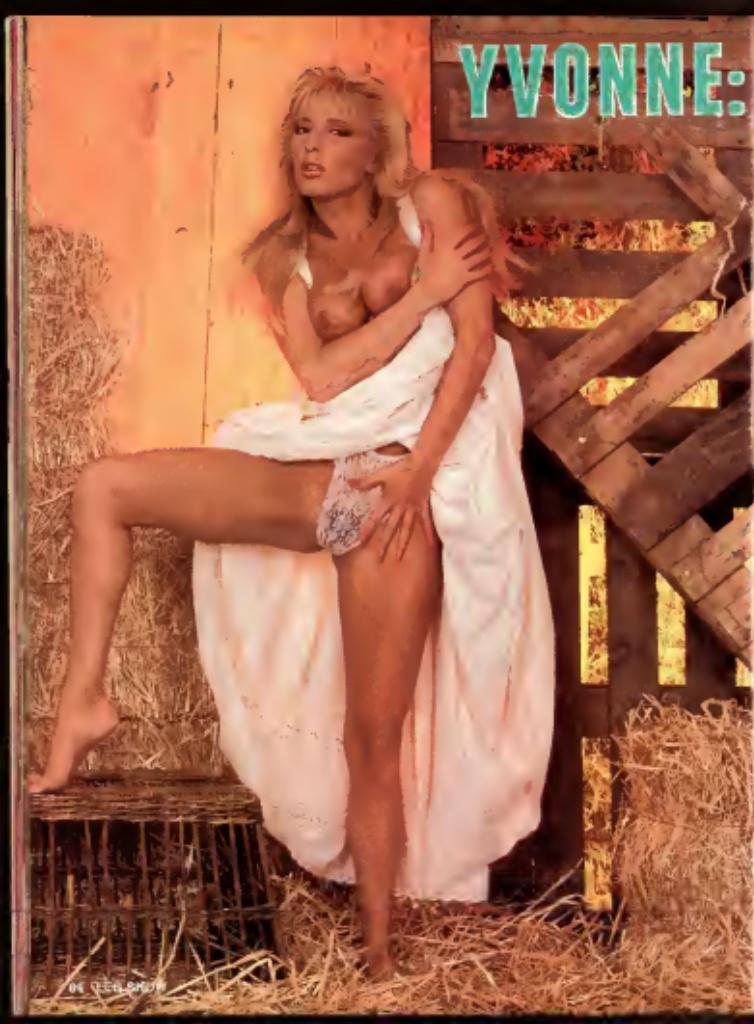
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YVONNE:

Don't Be Shy





Why are so many foot fetishists in the closet? Do you men really think it's so great to have a thing for feet? Just about every guy I ever got close to ended up confessing, usually in a really giddy way, that he wanted to kiss and sniff my feet. And each act I like he was the first man in the world to ever think of it, you pointed out. When I think back on some of the tricks you might have used with me to get close, to my feet, it makes me want to laugh. Or cry. You put yourselves through so much torture...so much self-hatred over something so natural. But then I know there are a lot of judgmental, uptight women out there. No matter how good it feels to have you groveling at their feet, basking in their sensitive toes in your warm, passionate mouth, they can't get past the conviction that it's unnatural. Just like a woman I once saw in fucking was unnatural thirty-five years ago and a man eating came was unnatural thirty-five years ago. What is truly unnatural is a culture that refuses to accept a sole, simple mutual pleasure. Like these silly women I once knew who would never dream of...these women stuck it in their toes and they liked it. This is a sin? I say a sin is denying yourself and everyone around you happiness, passing judgment on them. I say you're some kind of god. If it was wrong to stick toes in the soil be some terrible, in due consequence, to it like disease, and as far as I know there's not a thing you can catch from a sweet, clean foot.

To done. I sit to bring shy guys out of the foot closet. One man who was always finding little ways to give in, to my feet became my person. I paid him a visit, laid out the parlor stool, cotton balls, and polish one day and told him he was going to give my toenails a good polishing and I didn't want any argument. I made him blow on my nails to dry, polish and by the time he'd blow-dried them out his lips were so close to my toes it took only a little nudge against his thigh to get him to open it up for the deep toe sucking he so craved.

I awoke once with another man to find he'd vamped himself in the bed and was secretly clasping my feet to his face. He was being so sneaky, trying not to wake me, so I kept up the pretense of being asleep. To help him along, though, I pointed my toes and gently rubbed my feet against his face, pretending to be restlessly rearranging my self. When I felt his hard cock nestled against my buttocks I squirmed a bit more, working it deeply into my ass cleft. Oh, he had a great time then, turvily bumping my butt crack while enjoying my feet to the max. Meanwhile I had a hand on my clit and bought myself to a delightful orgasm fueled by his sole lapping.

Both these men eventually confessed their foot love to me, encouraged by my accepting attitude. It's just a shame so many are so shy. I'll help you if you just give me a clue, men, so don't be afraid to try!







I picked up the brochure and read . . .
Does your husband or boyfriend love
your sweat feet? Do you like to tease him
with strong perfume and scented creams? If
Would you like to have other men envy
your sweat feet and soils while your man gay looks on? Would you enjoy watching your gay face
other women? If so! Would you like to tease your
gay to distraction and make him earn your
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FOOT-FARE CLUB and make your needs and
fancies.

The brunette with the control said, "We've got a new member here to observe our meetings. Say hello." I stammered as the men smiled and invited me. "Oh, I'm not a new member. I'm a reporter here to do a story on your meetings."

"Oh, the gal from LEG SHOW Hi, I'm Flynn," she said as she extended her hand, "and this is Tammy" she continued as she indicated the short haired brunette next to her.

monster prick with my sexy electric vibrator. My lust begins to mount, but after only a minute or so I relinquished the control to Robyn. Finally I noticed that the second man had a similar device on his prick as well, then I was startled back to reality by the petite brunette's voice.

"Pretty neat vibrator, huh Jennifer?"
Jolyn designed and built it. She's an electrical engineer. In fact she works with a lot of the male members of our club at the "px Company" I could hear an obvious

THE FOOTBALL CLUB

They Play By Women's Rules

By Jennifer Daniels

After reading the brochure I strolled into the next room. Two men were kneeling and naked on the carpeted floor and surrounded by two young women. The men's hands were behind their erect backs and their hands were grasping their ankles. Both had erections, three rods jutting out at an obscene 45 degree angle, proudly displayed and infinitely vulnerable in this position. One man stood out.

His pick was almost a foot long and as thick as my forearm. It reminded me of the thick, firm summer sausages you find in the supermarket during holiday times. The tales, yet still partly woman was focused on the monstrous pick which had some sort of device attached to it. It was a thin black rubberized cylinder about two inches long, open at both ends and was installed just below the head of the erect pick. The luminescent head of the pick was faded with white watching the man. Upon closer inspection I found that it was a synapse synapse headless

to the black object on the man's prick. As the girl pushed on the button the cylinder on the man's prick would vibrate, pleasure his prick. A remote control cock vibrated!

The second girl, a petite short haired brunette no more than five foot tall, held a woman's pink pump to the second man's face, but her attention was focused on the man's cock. The third girl, a brown hair three inch, longhaired blonde, the tall girl mouthed her hand holding the remote control, the big man's prick quivered and thrashed as its position 45 degrees to his body.

"You love that, don't you, pervert?" She spoke in a voice more sweet than harsh as she continued to tap the trembling cock at a frequency about once a second.

"Hi, my name is Jennifer Daniels." "Well Ms. Daniels, why don't you get some first hand experience as to what goes on here?" she said as she offered me the printed material.

"He shot his load all over her soft Taylor soles."

"What better way to know our group than to experience our activities? Go on, then you'll understand us. I'll be a few minutes." She turned and walked away, her back crooked backward to bring the man's crook up to her mouth slit.

"It's in, *Solynt*!" she breathed. "I'll scoot back outta! Just put the head at my crook! Quickish!"

Pushing caution to the wind, I took control and looked at him. He stared at me with a gentle smile and I saw his muscles relax as he took in the control I had just taken over his body. His eyes were bright and full of life. He loves having a girl tease him. I can still hear it from you. He was beautiful girl, especially when they were in mens and spiky purple like this.

"Isn't that just like Bill?" Robyn asked as she lay back and stroked the rampant prick of the second male. I'd practically forgotten him. Now focusing, I saw that Bill was staring intently at the smoky coupling going on below him. "Um, I think I'm gonna have to leave," he said, getting up and walking away.

“Tenny had a rhythm going now and was taking eight inches with slow, calculated strokes. I could hear the slumping noises as the two people fucked on the floor in front of me.

BETHANY

WHITE'S
SO
RIGHT



Tell me, do you like white, Master? Little white bobby socks, so clean and innocent on tiny size six feet? And how about white cotton panties, the kind real girls wear under their short summer skirts? You wouldn't be one of those older guys who hang around the campus green straining their eyes when girls like me lounge on the grass, would you? Oh, I know you guys! You with your thinning hair and your little pot bellies, starting to go to seed even though you're making so much money in your old executive job. Your wife is real fashionable, I'll bet, but she doesn't have a butt like mine, does she? Her thighs aren't firm and sprangy like mine with a soft light down of gil-fuzz that's so blonde and silky she doesn't even have to shave it off. If your old wife lay on her tummy in the grass and pushed her butt up in the air would the chocks stand up like round jiggly scoops of jello? I'll bet it wouldn't! or she wouldn't be so interested in staring at my plump little ass with your tongue hanging out that way and with such a yummy big bulge in your pants!

"You know, it turns me on to see you get so excited about my firm young thighs and my round butt, especially knowing that it's a total sin for you to be lustful after a girl like me when you have a wedding ring on your finger. What would his wife think if she saw him staring up my skirt? I think as I spread my legs a little wider while I lie in the grass between classes—you might remember that I'm a medical student from my last appearance in LEG SHOW. I can feel that my panties have snugged up into the crack of my ass and I know you can see just about all my ass cheeks now as I spread my legs wider and the breeze lifts the hem of my little skirt higher still. Kick off my tiny Keds sneakers and spread and curl my toes in my white socks. Mmmmm, it feels so good, almost as good as having your eyes glued to them, sensing how hard your penis is now. I really like it when you play with your penis through your pants. 'Oh, shoot,' I say in my mind. 'Please shock your goo all over your shorts, Mr. Businessman. Can't you see how damp my white cotton panty crotch is getting? It almost feels like you've already cum on my panty crotch, it's so wet. Please shoot for me now before I cum myself right here in the grass!'

"Mmmmm, did that make you mess yourself? Well, I'll just strip off my white cotton panties and wipe the mess up with it. Then you can take my panties home with you to remember me by. Oh, and I could use a nice contribution to my education fund, by the way, since I'm so young and pure and you're so old and rich. And we wouldn't want your wife to find out about you and me and my white cotton panties, would we? Hee hee!"







SOPHIA

Woman's Strength



You all know Kellie Everts don't you? She's appeared in LEG SHOW a few times. She makes some really nasty videos, which she's most famous for, but she also has a very special understanding in spiritual matters. She said that God came to her and took her to purgatory and showed her an image of a woman. This woman was the strong woman who was to lead humankind back to a sane way of life. She had powerful legs, because as Kellie was told, legs represent a woman's firm contact with the earth and earthly pleasures, but she also had hair on her legs. Kellie questioned why the woman was so hairy and was told that hair represents a woman's strength and shaving her hair off, as most women do, was a custom substituted by men to strip woman of her power over them and keep her in line. That struck a nerve in me and I haven't shaved a hair on my body since hearing that.

"Not all men can handle my very hairy legs, ass, toes and armpits. I was shocked myself at how much hair I had after so many years of shaving, but I'm also very turned on by my own hair. It's not at all coarse, but feels like fine soft satin to me. I love to run my hands up the crack of my ass when I masturbate and tangle my fingers in the moist tendrils. I can

actually twine my fingers in the hair so that I can pull my cheeks apart by it. That's when I long for a face to engulf in my pungent, sweaty crack. Having more hair means having more scent, and the smell of my own ass drives me wild with lust. If you've never had the balls to bury your face in a chick's ass you may think it smells like she's back there. That isn't the case. Ass smells like cunt, but infinitely better. It has all the sweet, humid tang of pussy, but with an extra salty, heady smell that's as primal as sex gets. I'd love to squat over you on my powerful, hairy legs and lower my ass to within an inch of your nose. Yes, I'd expect you to snake out your tongue and part the thick forest surrounding my brown mucker. As soon as I felt your hot wet tongue on my ass-hole I'd lower myself all the way, forcing my hole to open around your erect, probing mouth muscle. My strong cheeks will clamp over your face, embracing you, consuming you, as I bring myself off on your nose and in your mouth. You'll be bathed in my powerful womanly scent, which I'll probably find so compelling I'll have to help you lick it off your face, while I jack you off between my strong, hairy thighs.

"Yeah, I know a woman like me takes some getting used to, but once you feel the power, baby, I don't think you're going to go back to the wimpy weaklings."





PAWN TICKET

(continued from page 62)

tung before her on the floor as her roommates crawled in. She looked at me and slammed the front door shut. She threw off her coat and walked over to stand over me.

"My God, Vicki!" she yelled. "This is that prevent old biddy who been spying on me. What the hell's going on?"

"This is Harvey, my new foot slave," Vicki said calmly.

Harley showed nothing but disgust for me. "Well, if you have to have your playthings... but I want nothing to do with this."

I felt like the old fool I was as I watched Vicki's sooty walk into the bedroom and slam the door.

"Don't worry about her, honey," Vicki told me. "I can handle her. She lets me do what I want, with a little caging."

That sounded familiar. But I didn't care now, anyway I wanted Vicki as badly. She was young and vivacious and I needed someone besides Hillary now.

Vicki sent my house, but we made another date. I went to my apartment and another boring evening. That night the girls kept the lights out and Hillary came home late.

Hillary went out the next afternoon to meet one of her lovers. She met him at a motel room and, after sex, took the money and left. She was excited. All the time she had been seeing men, they were paying her. She had saved every penny she had earned. She had been paying it all on an expensive sale item she had wanted to buy, though it was far from a first installment.

Hillary paid for the coat. She insisted that it be wrapped in plain brown paper. She knew that if she came home with that expensive coat she would have to explain where she got it. Hillary had a plan all worked out. Her dumb fucking husband was so stupid he would never catch on!

She planned on pawnning the coat, then telling Harvey that she had found that pawn ticket on her way home from work. She would give him the ticket and tell him to stop at the pawn shop to pay up whatever it was and bring it home. She'd be it would be something of value, maybe not.

Hillary pawnned the package. Then she hurried home. Later, when Harvey came home from the office, she told him about the found ticket, gave it to him, and told him to stop off and get whatever it was the next day on his way home from work.

The following day Hillary couldn't wait for her dumb husband to get off work and get his ass home. God! She had saved so long for the coat and she wanted to put it on, and feel the luxurious fur around her and see herself in the full-length mirror.

"Vicki made me crawl after her nylonned legs as she walked."

Four only a few minutes later getting out of the office. I took a cab directly to the pawn shop. I got this plain brown paper-wrapped package as Hillary had instructed me and walked the short way to the apartment. As I entered the building, I saw Vicki coming home. I hadn't seen her in a few days, and she looked stunning. In the elevator she moved close to me and kissed me fully on the mouth. She smiled and winked at me. "What's in the package, honey, a present for me?"

"Ah, no, not really," I said. "Actually, I don't know. Yesterday, my wife found that pawn ticket on her way home from work. She gave it to me and I wrapped up the coat. I'm assuming, neither of you know what's in the box," Vicki said quietly.

"No?" I said her.

She grabbed my arm and whispered softly in my ear. "Want you to come up to my place awhile before you go home."

"I can't, Vicki," I told her. "My wife is waiting for me."

"Piss on her, Harvey!" Vicki said me forcefully. "You've told me what a bitch she is. Let her fucking wait! I'm your mistress now, Harvey, and you're my paussy whipping boy! You're my little footboy!"

"Inside, Vicki," I spoke to her.

Inside Vicki's apartment, she gave me a drink on the couch. She went to the kitchen table and carefully began untying the string and taking the paper from the package.

I heard her and went into the kitchen. "What are you doing?"

"Don't worry, honey," Vicki proceeded. "No one knows what's in the—oh, my God! Look, baby! It's a gorgeous suede coat."

Vicki pulled it out of the box. "Hold it, lover."

Before I could say anything, Vicki was inside off her dress. She tossed off her bra and panties. She stood before me, smiling, wearing only her black garter belt, dark rayons, and black heels.

I couldn't resist stripping the coat off her. She held it tightly around her. Then she came to me, opened it, and entwined us both in it.

"I want it, my slave," she whispered kissing me with lots of tongue and rubbing against me.

"What about Hillary?"

"She'll never know, baby." Vicki left me and went to her closet. She took out an old natty coat of hers. She came back to me

kitchen table and carefully wrapped up her old coat in the box. She tied the string just like it had been.

Then she guided me into the living room. She told me to undress. When I was naked she pushed me down to the couch and mummified me. We fucked, enveloped in the soft silk coat. It was fantastic!

We brushed past as Helen walked in on us. I quickly dressed. Vicki told her no one that had just seen her with this fabulous coat, isn't that fantastic?"

Helen looked at me, Vicki, and at the coat. "It really is something. I'm sorry, Harvey; I guess I had you all wrong. You're a sweet, generous, wonderful old pervert, and a far present like that you can worship my feet, too!"

I smiled and hurriedly left. I carried the package to our place. When I opened our apartment door, Hillary was all over my ass.

"Jesus, Harvey!" she hollered. "Where the hell have you been? I've been waiting for you, expecting you to come home hours ago. Give me that package!"

Hillary grabbed the package from me and began madly tearing off the string. She tore off the paper and put the box on our dining room table. She took a deep breath before she opened it.

She removed the top of the box and went to reach for... She stopped. She stood down at the old, rumpled coat. There was dead silence.

Then, slowly, Hillary let out a low wail. It was a scream, a cry of pain I stared at her. She was coming unglued, losing it.

"What's the matter, dear?" I asked.

"This... this was the box from the pawn shop," she cried.

"Of course," I said. "What did you expect?"

"Oh, shit," she believed. "L... I... fuck!"

Hillary threw the box with the old coat on the floor. She ran into her bedroom and threw herself on her bed, sobbing.

I couldn't help but open the door a bit, wondering who had come over her. I heard her babbling between the walls. "All that time... all that money... all that fucking!"

My table coat is gone!"

She had been caged. I quickly closed the door. When I was down the hall, I couldn't help but laugh. It might have been a cruel price to pay, but if anyone deserved it, it was Hillary.

And I was an idiot now with Vicki and Helen. Maybe a divorce wouldn't be too bad. I'd have to see my lawyer in the morning.

I filed for divorce and about two months later, Vicki and I were going into our building when we saw Hillary. Vicki was wearing her beautiful, expensive suede coat. She had us all begin to stare at her. She was smiling, her eyes were gleaming, her head was streaming obscenities as the elevator door closed and we headed up to Vicki's apartment.

Funny how a little thing like a pawn ticket can change a person's life.

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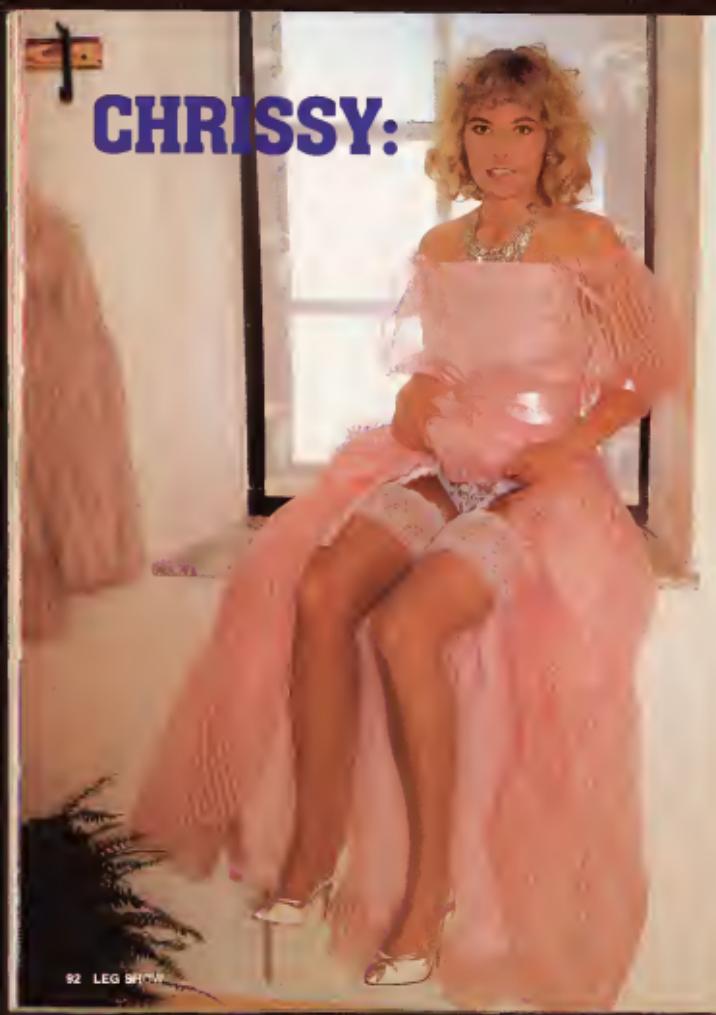


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CHRISSEY:



SUPER
GREAT



Okay, two super things about turning eighteen. First, Mom can't say anything about me posing for naked magazines, which is a really cool thing for me. And two, in my state I can go in bars now. It's not like I'm some super hairy drunkaholic or anything, it's just that cool things happen in bars and I want to be part of the cool stuff that happens in this world. Just to show what I mean, let me tell you about the freaky cool thing that happened already.

"It was prom night and I had a date with the bitchiest guy ever. I had wanted him to take me out forever and finally he asked me to the prom. We went with my two friends Lisa and Jennifer and their dates and after the prom, which was kind stuff, really, we went to a bar because we are all eighteen now.

"So I'm at the bar in my prom dress, just like you see me in here. I mean, this is my real prom dress, 'cause I wanted you to really feel it like it happened. I'm on a bar stool and my dress pulled up and my legs are crossed and I'm just there dangling my shoe, playing with it the way I have to do. It's way out on the end of my big toe and I'm admiring my own foot because it looks so pretty in the shiny stockings. Mom loves me for the way I'm not used to stockings. I go, 'Dad my skirt lifted a little high and you could see the tops of the stockings where the garter belt hooks were.' Anyway, Jennifer nudges me and points to this old guy, like forty or so, and he's staring at my foot like he's going to have a heart attack, all red in the face and breathing heavy and she whispers, 'Look at this thing!' and he looks exactly like gents as big as my feet.



"Well, I may be only 18 but I know a lot of things and I know that man had a thing for my foot and I decided to have some fun. I flipped my foot and the shoe fell off on the floor. I thought he'd fall out of his chair, especially when I called, 'Hey Mister, you with the bonus, come pick up my shoe?' My date and Jennifer and Lisa were

clapping up, but he slithered down off his chair and came right over. I pushed him down on his knees and as he picked up my shoe I put my sweaty stocking foot right on his lips. 'Kiss it,' I said. 'Kiss it and admit that you like feet to all my friends here.'

"He was probably drunk, but he did more than kiss



my foot. He stuck it in... all in his mouth like he was trying to swallow my foot right up. My date was laughing so loud and calling him a wimp and stuff, but I just sat there and finished my drink like this happened all the time, and made him suck the other foot too. I even took off my stockings since they were so wet and icky from his

mouth and stuffed them in his pocket as a souvenir before we left. My friends really got a laugh out of the whole thing and so did I. And you know what? I think I'll go back to that bar and see if that guy comes around. It's so super great to be righteous!"



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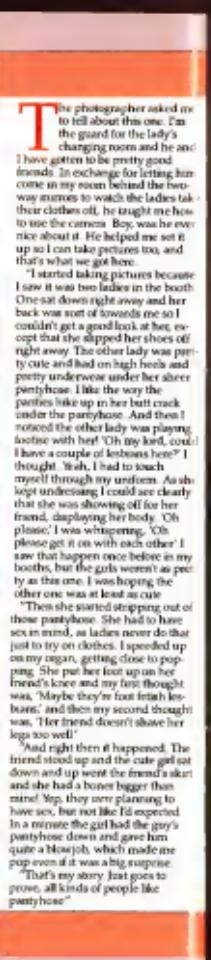
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GLIMPSE

Back
To The
Changing
Room





The photographer asked me to tell about this one. I'm the guard for the lady's changing room and he and I have gotten to be pretty good friends. In exchange for letting him come in my room behind the two-way mirror to watch the ladies take their clothes off, he taught me how to use a camera. Boys, was he ever nice about it! He helped me set it up so I can take pictures too, and that's what we got here.

"I started taking pictures because I saw it was two ladies in the booth. One sat down right away and her back was sort of towards me so I couldn't get a good look at her, except that she slipped her shoes off right away. The other lady was pretty cute and had on high heels and pantyhose. I saw her legs move under her sheer pantyhose. Like the panties like up in her butt crack under the pantyhose. And then I noticed the other lady was playing footsie with her! 'Oh my lord, could I have a couple of lessons here?' I thought. 'Yeah, I had to touch myself through my uniform. As she kept undressing I could see clearly that she was showing off for her friend, displaying her body. 'Oh please,' I was whispering, 'Oh please get it on with each other.' I thought, 'I can't believe in my boots, but the girls were as pretty as this one. I was hoping the other one was at least as cute.'

"Then she started stripping out of these pantyhose. She had to have sex in mind, as ladies never do that just to try on clothes. I peeled up on my cigar, getting close to popping. She put her foot up on her friend's knee and my first thought was, 'Maybe they're foot fetish lesbians.' And then my second thought was, 'Her friend doesn't have her legs too well!'

"And right then it happened. The friend stood up and the cute girl sat down and up went the friend's skirt and she had a bone bigger than mine. Yes, they were planning to have sex, but not like I'd expected. In a minute the girl had the guy's pantyhose down and gave him quite a blowjob, which made me pop even if it was a big surprise.

"That's my story but goes to prove, all kinds of people like pantyhose."





SWM, 25, would like to meet women 16-55 who enjoy having their hair fastened and worshipped. Please send replies to: John A., P.O. Box 2224, Lovers, MI 49121.

LHF, June 70 issue—see a couple, 28M and 35F. We've seen your photos and I love your legs and torso! My girlfriend is not like it too. She's a little bit like, though she is shy. Let's help her. Please write: We're in Europe. P.P. #1, Nekuland, 48 D E, 23800 Burgos, SP-46100.

Very attractive fashion business oriented single lady seeks: Age 22, 5'6 1/2, 4'7" looking for very particular woman. She has a personality and maybe even more. Please be measured, but we'll be out very soon. Please send picture. Oscar Battilo #904260, Drawer A, A-430, Stamford, N.Y. 10503-0010.

I would like to exchange any type of erotic photos, especially logo, prints, high heels, and lingerie. Each photo received will get a photo in return, one for one. 15\$, P.O. Box 2354, Lee's Summit, MO 64063.

MEF and LHF, June 70, make my day and I'll make yours. Would love to exchange photos. Please contact: JW, P.O. Box 1476, Webster, MA 02545.

MEC wants to exchange photos with some really hot girls. It's a full leg and garter, that's even better. Just full legs, big, big breasts, and ample rear ends. Please girls, let's swap. B.S.L. 649 E 33rd St., Box 776, Carson, CA 90746.

Brother M. from June 70 Leg Riders and I am & love some tame photos. Please—would like to receive photos. Also, any other type of ladies with very sex legs and ass, send photo to: send photos to: A.S., Box 694, Maryville, MD 21092.

SWM, 25, wants to meet ice skating ladies who live in Maine. Get your girlfriends together and I will send and I keep my credit card. While I'm there! Want to meet your toes and toes and toes. Please write to: John J. P. #1 Box 308, Bradford, Maine, 04420.

Attention all cosplayers: I'm interested in exchanging photos, along with others in June 70. Send photo with letter to: John R., P.O. Box 2086, Dale City, Virginia 22093.

To Roy Smart: Please contact me about how to get more of your photos. Also, I am 20, 5'5, 120, weight 100 lbs, and I would like to have my legs and pants photos. Write: Roy Smart, P.O. Box 685, Los Angeles, CA 90028.

Headlines 29 yr old white male desperately seeking correspondence from any female in New York. I am 5'8, 160 lbs, 36-28-36. Would like to have the both of my legs. To see her in person. Please correspond. My wife joins in. Roman Charles, P.O. Box 71, Mead, IL 62259.

MICHAEL—NYC area, would like to receive feet and legs of any female seeking pumping. Available upon written request. Photo would be most welcome. MT, 41 E. 8th Street, Suite 224, N.Y. N.Y.

Both still love your photos, but I don't get off on just shoes. Send a return address so I can show you what I like. Shoes from behind of her ankles would be real nice. Sodey, 100 Rock, P.O. Box 1030, Chicago, IL 60651.

Ladies Only! Do you enjoy a swap? I'm sending your postcard photo of a dad last and picture 21, 22, 23, 24, 25, 26, 27, 28, 29, 30, 31, 32, 33, 34, 35, 36, 37, 38, 39, 40, 41, 42, 43, 44, 45, 46, 47, 48, 49, 50, 51, 52, 53, 54, 55, 56, 57, 58, 59, 60, 61, 62, 63, 64, 65, 66, 67, 68, 69, 70, 71, 72, 73, 74, 75, 76, 77, 78, 79, 80, 81, 82, 83, 84, 85, 86, 87, 88, 89, 90, 91, 92, 93, 94, 95, 96, 97, 98, 99, 100, 101, 102, 103, 104, 105, 106, 107, 108, 109, 110, 111, 112, 113, 114, 115, 116, 117, 118, 119, 120, 121, 122, 123, 124, 125, 126, 127, 128, 129, 130, 131, 132, 133, 134, 135, 136, 137, 138, 139, 140, 141, 142, 143, 144, 145, 146, 147, 148, 149, 150, 151, 152, 153, 154, 155, 156, 157, 158, 159, 160, 161, 162, 163, 164, 165, 166, 167, 168, 169, 170, 171, 172, 173, 174, 175, 176, 177, 178, 179, 180, 181, 182, 183, 184, 185, 186, 187, 188, 189, 190, 191, 192, 193, 194, 195, 196, 197, 198, 199, 200, 201, 202, 203, 204, 205, 206, 207, 208, 209, 210, 211, 212, 213, 214, 215, 216, 217, 218, 219, 220, 221, 222, 223, 224, 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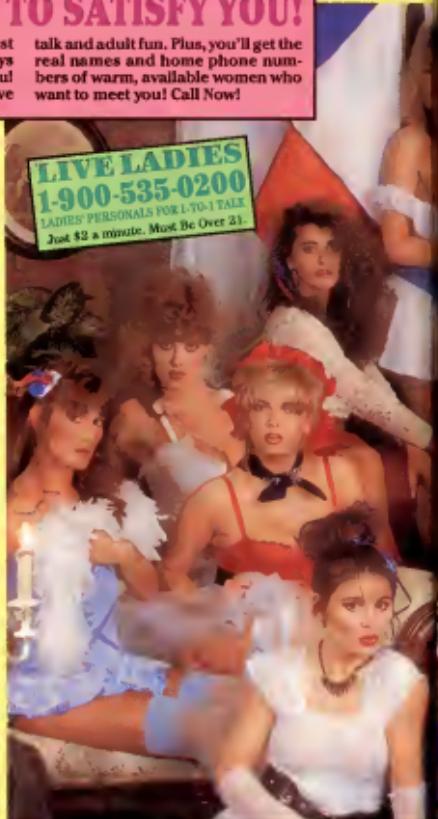
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